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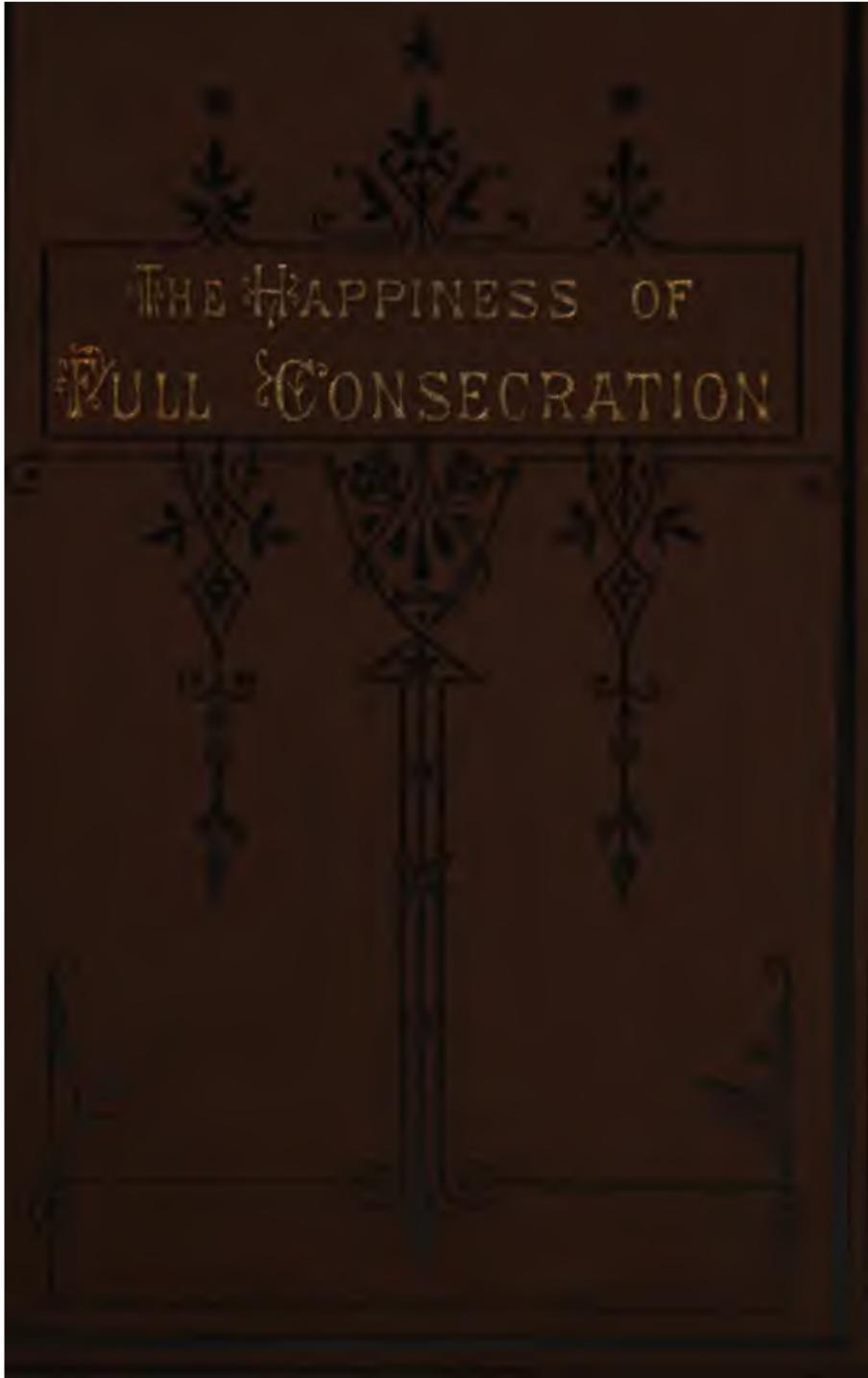
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THE HAPPINESS OF
FULL CONSECRATION

THE HAPPINESS OF
FULL CONSECRATION:
BEING BRIEF MEMORIALS OF
EMMELINE DUNCAN.

"MY SPIRIT HATH REJOICED IN GOD MY SAVIOUR."
LUKE i. 47.



London:
S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9 PATERNOSTER ROW.
BRIGHTON: D. B. FRIEND, WESTERN ROAD.

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PREFACE.

THESE brief "Memorials" are compiled almost exclusively from the words of EMMELINE DUNCAN herself. Thus only did it seem right to try and tell to others the history of what the Lord had done for her soul. A history so eminently calculated to bring glory to Him, who having "called" her, and "justified" her, thus also "glorified" her, according to His own Word. (Rom. viii. 30.)

"That Christ may be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death," had become so entirely the desire of her heart, that we feel no apology would be needed from us to herself, for thus using her own words, written so exclusively for her own eye. "Yes, Lord," she would say, "be Thou also magnified in those who read these pages."

But what of the experience they detail ? Let none be disposed to dismiss it as that of a "certain school of thought," whose phraseology she had adopted. If the fuller light of life burst upon her, when she first came in contact with those who lived and taught that "Higher Christian Life," what wonder if such terms, expressing as they did to her such great realities, became also the expression of her highest aspirations ! In reading her journal, we cannot fail to remark that she accepts as her own, only what she learns from God. She herself records the friendly voice of warning which bade her think less of the *names* and more of the *truth* of these things.

And so we may venture to say, there will be found nothing but deepest reality in her experiences. We believe in the works of God, and of Him who "came down from heaven to finish the work His Father gave Him to do." Shall we believe less in the work of the Holy Ghost, the purchase of the Saviour's blood, and whose sphere of opera-

tion is in the hearts of His people? Oh! why should we limit one more than the other? What is all *experience* that is true, but the acts of the Holy Ghost in hearts given up to believe His testimony concerning the Son of God?

Some may be tempted to feel this experience is too high for them. Others ask, Is not this *dying* experience, not to be expected by those who have the duty of living yet before them?

Oh! let us remember, there was One, and One only, whose experience was that of "perfect love" to His Father, His Father's will, and work, and glory, and to those whom His Father had given Him. One, whose union in life and fellowship with the Father, was uninterrupted by one taint or breath of sinful infirmity. One, whose faith could stand unshaken the test of that supreme hour of darkness, and exclaim, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me!"

Let us call to mind the words of His parting prayer for those He left on earth—"These

things I speak in the world that they might have *my joy* fulfilled in themselves." And shall we not make the *experience of Christ* our standard and our aim? Be assured, if it is not so, if we are not aiming at the highest, with an ever present sense that we have not yet attained, we must fall far short of the grace our God is willing to bestow upon us in Christ. *A grace which must ever be independent of our deservings from first to last.*

ARE WE WILLING? That is the question. God's willingness to give is high above ours to receive, as "the heavens are high above the earth." "It is easy to envy those on the top of the hill, but are we willing to climb?"

With Emmeline's closing words, in a letter to a friend, which will be found further on, Reader, we put this little volume into your hand,—"And now, don't think anything of me, or my experience either, but lay firm hold of the promises; and trust, trust, trust always."

E. H.

BRIGHTON, March, 1881.

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Full Consecration.

CHAPTER I.

The Inner Life.

“My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life.”
—John x. 27, 28.

“I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.”—Ver. 10.

 **EMMELINE DUNCAN**, the subject of this brief sketch, was born February 13, 1850, in Ceylon. She was the third daughter of James Duncan, M.D., and his wife Emmeline. But both her parents died while she was yet young. Her early years were passed chiefly in Scotland, but, after the death of her parents, she resided as one of an attached family of brothers and sisters, in London.

This little work, however, is not a biography. It is intended simply to show forth the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, "as He led her on from strength to strength" in His faith, and from grace to glory. It is written with the earnest prayer and hope that it may be helpful to those, who having entered upon the "Life of Faith," are in the "Walk of Faith," and desiring to know the "Triumph of Faith." The extracts which we have been permitted to make from her diary, show plainly, by their simplicity and honesty, that they could have been intended for no eye but her own. At the same time, they contain a record of GRACE, of which she herself would have been among the first to say, "Tell it out," if it can in any wise exalt Him before whom I shall cast my crown in eternal adoration.

The account of her conversion is best given in the following brief lines from her sister, written after her decease, to the Rev. J. B. Figgis :—

"Of dear Emmeline's conversion I can tell you but little. The earliest diary I have of hers does not go far enough back. She told me it was when she was thirteen; and I

find mentioned, *January 4, 1864*, 'This is the day of my conversion last year. *January 6th*. This is also another day of my repentance last year, when I was like to cry my eyes out. *January 7th*. This is the day of my complete salvation, when I went with my sins to Jesus, and was washed in His blood last year.' She never said anything about it to me till a few days before she left us, and then spoke of how she had longed for some one to show her the way; of how she used to notice every white tie in the streets, and think *you* would be able to tell me how to be saved, if I only dared ask you; and of how she searched her old school Bible, and at length grasped the three promises, 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool' (Isaiah i. 18). 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest' (Matt. i. 28). And 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out' (John vi. 37). How she took them to God, and claimed them, and found rest.

..... I see by her diary of that date, that already the desire (which became the ruling passion of her life) of winning souls, showed itself in her endeavour to lead her younger sisters to Christ, by holding with them what she calls her little meeting every Sunday evening. That was while travelling on the Continent. Also, it is interesting to notice her daily cry for holiness and happiness (chiefly then for the latter); and also, over and over again, that Jesus would come and fill her heart. Even in these early days she seems to have taken every little thing to Jesus."

Brief as this record is, it is striking as it sketches out, as it were in outline, the history of her life in its chief characteristics. We find, on reading her later diaries, how she seems unvaryingly to have pursued the same path. Every advance in grace is made by getting a firmer "grip" (as she would herself expressively call it) of some promise of God. An ever-increasing desire to win souls is there; with the same "taking of every little thing to Jesus." Only the cry for *holiness* more and more takes the place of that for

happiness, and issues at last in the all-absorbing cry, "THYSELF bestow," which was so gloriously fulfilled in her latest experience.

The life of Christ is begun in her soul, but the "more abundant" life was to be hers. And it is this, her passing into the possession of the "fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ," which we are most anxious to trace for the encouragement of all, in whom the blessed Spirit is awakening similar desires to hers.

We pass on to passages from her journal, dated 1874. She writes there one day, "I had a long reading of *The Pathway of Power*. My blind eyes are opening a little, I think, to see what is meant by 'the higher Christian life.' It is just a continual casting one's-self on Jesus for power, so far as I see. Began at once to act it out, I did have real joy in the Lord. Thought it would not very easily go, but I have lost it somehow. Lord, teach me yet again. Oh! teach me, that I may follow Thee closely."

"We have been lately at most delightful meetings in Cannon Street Hotel, held by Mr. Boardman and others, on Consecration and

the Higher Christian Life. Felt this was just what I need ; and when the testimony from one and another came of the marvellous things God had wrought in blessing others, when they themselves were fully surrendered, I could only say, 'Claim me also as Thine own ; I give myself to Thee, and lay all upon Thine altar.' The whole secret is, 'Trust Jesus.' Sometimes I think I have got it, and then again I let go my hold. Lord, teach me how to *abide* in Thee ! At two of the meetings, I asked the prayers of God's people for my sixteen lads, and my dear workhouse people. Oh ! such earnest pleadings and such strong faith were exercised by those men of faith, that I feel the burden of my boys and of my wards is gone. They are all laid at Jesus' feet, and the responsibility rests with Him. I leave them there, and will not take them away for anything. Now I am as certain they will be the Lord's one day as if they were now."

Thus she begins the year 1875—"Retrospect of the past year, so far as I am concerned, far from cheering, and the secret of all failure is the want of constant faith in

Jesus. I am seeking after this higher life, for I want 1875 to be the best year I have ever yet spent. O Lord, unlock the door to me, and count me worthy to enter in, because of Thy love to me. O Lord, hear my New Year's prayer, make me to *abide* in Thee this year more than I have ever done all my life. Teach me to continue in Thy love, and know no will but Thine. Oh! do thoroughly empty me of self, that I may be just swallowed up in Thee, moment by moment, week by week, till this year also is done. Then I shall bring forth much fruit, and souls shall quickly gather round Jesus."

January 21st.—We have this interesting record—"Day of much joy and blessing. For the last four weeks I have attended meetings for holiness in the Agricultural Hall, and yet did not see very plainly. Though up to my light I did lay all on the altar, all I could think of separately, in God's presence, yet no ray of light or joy came."

"During this time F—— was seriously ill, and I grieved much, but was able, when he was in the hands of the doctor, to leave him with Jesus. And that promise was fulfilled,

‘Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.’

“The Lord gave him back to me, and now he is quite strong again. I saw by this providence something of the constant life of faith. As I left F—— in Jesus’ hands, so must I keep my soul. But still the light was not very bright. At length this day came; I determined to make known my difficulty to Mr. Boardman (asking guidance from the Lord), and he put me straight. He asked me if I gave all up? ‘Yes,’ I said.

“‘And received back all Jesus has to give you?’

“‘No.’

“‘There was the point.’

“‘When can I?’

“‘Now,’ and the transaction took place; and oh! the light, and joy, and the rest! Went home, having found the pearl of great price, and rejoiced in God my complete Saviour.

“*Friday*.—Great peace, and joy, and rest. Communing with Jesus, and victory over sin.

“*31st*.—Such a blessed season at church,

and real worship, because I trusted Jesus with it.

“February 1st.—Went to a few houses, and spoke of what the Lord had done for my soul, and a power was felt.”

But then comes the truthful confession: “Went to — to help nurse his sick mother, and there sinned, and from that time my joy slipped away.” May we not feel a blessed tenderness of conscience had been awakened? It is always the real effect, the true test, of nearness to the Lord. And she who was but being initiated into the life of faith, unable as yet to discern the holy jealousy of that blessed Spirit, who, by this withdrawal of His joy, would have led her afresh to the open fountain, mourns over that loss as implying that of an “absent Lord.” We resume the journal. “A few consecration meetings have been lately held in — Chapel; in one of which I had such a long talk with Mr. Boardman. Told him how I had lost all I had got; and he said at once he knew what was wrong by the way I put it. Jesus was not lost; He was still mine, but faith was gone. I was trusting too much to my feel-

ings, and not enough to Jesus. The light broke out once more and I went home, having received a blessing again. And now followed such peace and joy, I felt self was far away. Jesus was my all in all. For days it was so. But oh! how sorry I am to say this did not last; and though now I am much happier and more trustful, yet I have not attained to what those speak of who have fully entered into this way. I cannot yet see how I can trust Jesus every moment. Mr. Boardman said, 'It was no strain to look to Jesus; that when it became so to me, I was under the law.'

"Oh! to get all I want soon—a full, perfect salvation, and momentary trust in Christ."

But we find she is learning her lesson, and that practically. "Have felt very anxious about Mrs. —, for fear Satan will get hold of her, and make her less anxious to be saved. Determined to throw off this unbelief, and cast her at Jesus' feet. I am now confident that Jesus will finish the work begun. Here I leave her, and do not fear anything." Again, "Happy day at the workhouse; went very

tremblingly, but came home very strong, having spoken about the promised land of rest, and peace, and joy to all who believe. O God, for souls there, for decided cases of conversion!"

"Am experiencing both hopes and fears. Feel very nervous at beginning hard London work again; so much brain work, and so much grace needed. But at last threw myself on my strong Lord God, and determined to trust Him when I do not feel."

The fruit of trust follows. "Have had a blessed time since I came home. The Lord has been better than all my fears, and is strengthening His poor weak servant. Remember my boys, they are at Thy feet, and Thou art engaged to save them all."

Later on we trace again how the life is one of continual aspiration, and consequently of more heart-searching and humbling. And it is thus, "He giveth more grace."

"My spiritual life has been one of too many ups and downs since coming home. I am praying for more light. I know it ought to be even always rejoicing, always full, always in more communion; but, alas! it is

not so with me. Christ is Himself the joy, and He is always with me; therefore, I ought to be constantly full of joy. My faith is the defective part, and somehow I cannot trust always. Oh! how I long to be very holy, and always rejoicing. I know this is attainable and my privilege, but it slips away from me somehow. Am waiting on the Lord; and as He is my Teacher, I shall get right some day. I cannot understand how believers say they get this rest, and never get out of it for years. Oh! for this, Lord; even me, even me."

"The accursed thing is brought to light. I was determined I would not rest till I knew what was barring up my way; and having searched my heart in the light of the Word, the Lord laid His finger on *pride*, my besetting sin. I felt ashamed and abased before Him. Now I see why things have been going crooked with me of late, my work not prospering, my boys not getting on quite so well, and I up and down, and withal unhappy. This sin has been nurtured and encouraged. But no longer, my Lord, will I harbour this serpent. I have given it to Thee, and Thou hast taken the

burden away. Oh ! I am so glad the Lord has shown me the Achan ; and now I will believe He will keep me from it for the time to come, and make even me the humble Christian. ‘All things are possible to him that believeth.’ Now, Lord, I am going along, watching, trusting Thee, and Thou wilt keep me from falling.”

“ We have come to the last days of 1875. The first feeling in reviewing the past is deep gratitude to God ; feeling, as I do, that this has been the very best and happiest year I have ever lived. . . . I opened my mouth widely, and God has filled it, and given me more than I would have dared to expect. ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.’ ”

In reviewing more specially the mercies of the year she says, “ The Lord has brought me this year the rest of faith, and I have been abiding in Him more constantly than ever before. Yet, at the same time, I am humbled to think I have not learned my lesson better, and that I am still so blind, and trust so inconstantly. Lord, my Lord, Thou knowest my desire. I want above all things to trust

perfectly and momentarily. Lord, help me!" She pours out the confession of sin as she detects it in herself, and the believer's confidences to the Lord must not be broken. She adds, "And yet, when I abide in Christ, sins fall off, and hurt me not at all."

1876 begins with—"And here I consecrate myself again to Thee. May I be Thine wholly and entirely this year. May sin be crushed within me. May I rapidly grow in grace; and all this year may my faith be strong and steadfast, and my joy full."

The March of this year was spent with a friend in Brighton. There she was enjoying and thriving under the ministrations in North Street Chapel. She writes of the preaching, "Often has it made my heart burn and long. Oh! to be holy. Oh! to be constantly realising His love and power."

But whilst we thus connect the links of her spiritual growth in the divine life, we must not lose sight of the point that her own edification and comfort did not *engross* her mind. With reference to this happy month she writes, "Marked I believe by the conversion of the maid-of-all-work, poor

C—. She seemed ready to receive the truth that Sunday morning. Oh! that she may be no mediocre Christian. . . . Went to the hospital, workhouse, reformatory, &c., &c., with A—, and to meetings manifold. One of the most useful, a weekly one held by Mrs. L—. The subject was work for Christ. We the voice, and that all. We ought to be content just to be a voice. The promise of John v. 25, a blessed one for all speakers for and of Jesus. I see, so far as self comes up, the work is marred. Oh! to be willing to be nothing."

After her return home we find her writing: "I seem now to be working in the shade. I am sure the reason is, I am thinking too much of the work, and too little of the Lord of the vineyard. The ointment poured on His head was received by Him on earth, which, if sold, would have relieved many poor people. Lord, is not this to teach me that personal attention to Thyself ought to come before attention to Thy poor people? When will I learn to put things in their right place?"

"Made acquaintance with the Miss L—'s,

who are earnest Christians of the higher life. They have set me longing, longing for increase of trust and spiritual power. At last got an opportunity of speaking of my difficulties to Miss L——, and she cleared them away pretty well. She said she thought my great stumbling-block was forgetting to realise that God was *keeping* me. Having surrendered, He was upholding. Yes, I am sure this is true. Then, again, I was to try and loose my hold of common expressions, 'the higher life,' &c., and to keep hold of what they all signified. Not the theory, but the person, Christ. She said how one's feelings change without the fact changing. 'You will pray for me that it may be all right,' I said, on parting at our gate.

"But it is all right," she said. "'I won't pray, it may be, for it is, for you have Christ.'"

"Yes, I see, and yet I feel half blind; nevertheless I will trust Him, and He keeps me. For a week or two I kept trusting, and could tell Miss L——, on her coming to say good-bye, that she had put me straight. She said she was so glad; but that we were always seeking to have a satisfactory experience rather

than to have Jesus only. Yes, here it is again. Oh ! when shall I be taught this simple, hard lesson."

After a very busy Christmas time she wrote —“But I fear I have been thinking too little of the Lord, and too much of my work. Oh ! to have the heart steadfastly to behold Him, and the dove's eyes within my locks always on the look-out for Jesus.”

Thus she closes the year 1876 —“I feel what I need is the Holy Spirit to keep me steadfastly minded, not warm one hour and colder the next, but kept in the love of God, and always trusting every day. Oh ! if only 1877 would realise all my hopes ; and why should it not ? Are not the promises large enough ; is not God able and willing enough ? It is myself, my poor wretched self, that is so independent and so proud. The Lord gave me a promise for 1877 before going to bed. Ezekiel xxxvi. 27, ‘I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes and do them, and ye shall dwell in the land.’ Never before did the words come with such power, and nothing could have met.

my needs better. I do trust, and my heart shall be troubled no longer."

In the previous years she *had* added up her sins at the close of the year. Here we think she has more insight into the right method of "leaving those things which are behind." She says, "I will not add up my sins; how can I? Much the same as usual they are, but I feel pressing forward; and if the past has been failure, by God's grace the future shall not be; and He has promised to make me *will* and *do*." (Philippians ii. 13.)

"New Year's Morning, 1877.—The Spirit has come to take up His abode with me, and the whole work of sanctification is to be His alone. I am stepping forth on the uncertain future, resting my whole weight on the promise I got last night. One thing alone I need now, the constant spirit 'to watch and pray.' Lord, let this be mine also. I think this will be a good year, both with myself and my people. I have asked great things, and believe they shall be mine."

And this year was one of marked blessing to herself, and through her to others.

"Brighton, January 7th.—Was at the early

prayer meeting, and afterwards at the service in North Street. Sermon on 'To me to live is Christ ;' and I, how far short ! Went home to pray, that even I might live not self at all, but Jesus only. When shall it once be ?

" *January 21st.*—Sermon on 'Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin.' Oh ! such a life of liberty ; but it is not mine.

" *January 27th.*—Such a delightful prayer meeting at the Pavilion—subject, 'The Baptism of the Spirit.' Oh ! how my heart longs and pants for this. We are going to the Nottingham Conference. Will it be there that God will fulfil my New Year's promise ? I expect great things—God disappoint me not."

Deeply interesting are the brief notes of this Nottingham Conference and its teachings to herself.

" A delightful day. Dr. Mahan's Bible reading on the wonderful power in a man when full of God. Oh ! how my heart burns to be filled. A prayer meeting afterwards, when all our heart could find utterance. And yet we seemed as little ignorant children, crying out for something good, we scarcely knew what. ' Full of the Holy Ghost,' Dr.

Boardman says, 'is full of Christ. A revelation of Jesus to the soul.'

Days of intense longing follow. "My heart feels like an empty cauldron crying out for fulness, and yet not a drop seems coming; but I am only emptied and emptied, and so many are receiving the blessing." Longing for a friendly voice to help, one is sent in her Brighton friend and pastor. "I told how my Christian life was an up and down; one of abiding in Christ, and getting out of the abiding. Getting on a platform of blessing, and then slipping down, I knew not where." She records very briefly the subjects touched on in their conversation—the advice to "let Christ manage for us," the pride and vanity when we are praised, and so on—"To throw all the glory at once on Christ;" and she adds her own heartfelt exclamation, "Yes, Lord, the glory is all Thine own!"

But man's words were not to be her remedy. Still oppressed, she talks (by Mr. Figgis's advice) with Mrs. Boardman: "But I don't know what she was saying to me, for it seemed as if the Lord was speaking in her strain. A thought struck me, 'Is it

self-will hindering me ?' 'If you think so, that is it,' she said. Then, 'In what form was it ?' Oh ! it did not take long to decide that, for God seemed to say to me, 'Are you willing to be thought nothing of, to have no glory in your work put down to you. To go just where I want you—to do just what I want you ?'"

Then Satan was busy with assaults, with suggestions that the Lord might want her to speak in large meetings—to speak all unprepared—to give up her own prepared subjects, and so on. "I reasoned against such unworthy thoughts, and tried to banish such ideas as most unlikely, but they came again and again; I was completely baffled. Now I know what is wrong, my will is the worm at the root of the tree. I am not willing to be just nothing, thought nothing at all of. Oh ! this abominable pride; what is to be done ? I can't make myself willing, and yet I long to be; oh ! I want to be full of God, and no self at all."

"Then came the word from the Lord Himself, 'Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power.' Now I won't try

to be willing, but I will trust Thee to make me willing. I am so glad God has shown me what was wrong, and He will put me right.

“Another good day, began it by giving my pride into the hand of Jesus, and trusting Him to remove it altogether. But self, alas! is left, and my will is strong as ever. Oh! dear, how long?”

Was not this subjection of her will to God nearer than she thought? Else why this sensitiveness as to what was discernible to no eye but her own?

Then follows a calm communion season, to which she applied the words, “He was made known to them, in breaking of bread.”

Her experience at the last of her Brighton meetings—it was not a convention, only a time of some special services—may be helpful to some, and shall not be withheld.

“Early prayer meeting, the last one of all. It was for testimony, and Satan tried me terribly, by saying to me—Suppose God should make you stand up to tell about your self-will before — and —, and all the people. Oh! dear, what a tempest the

thought occasioned ! I can't, I can't, I said all the while, and I felt ashamed of my awful self-will. Oh ! say, 'Peace be still, Lord,' I cried, and that very moment there was such a calm, and I felt anxious now to witness for Him ; but too late, for the meeting was just closing. Then came the thought that God would not accept my testimony after all the unwillingness. How busy Satan was to wrest me from the Lord : but I told the thought to Mrs. Boardman, and she said, 'No, the Lord accepted the willingness.' Lord, I do thank Thee for this."

Observe, Satan's temptation filled her with the thought of *self*, and that she had to testify concerning *herself*. The voice of the Lord made her feel the call was to testify of **HIM**, and she was ready. We may not find ourselves in the same circumstances as she did. But we have the same enemy, and are "not to be ignorant of his devices." It is his suggestion under all circumstances that raises up the image of *self* in what we are called to do. The voice of Jesus says, For *thyself* read **ME**.

And so she returns to Brighton, and

writes of a communion season there—‘The dear Lord looked at me with such a look as He gave Peter, ‘I gave Myself for you, and yet you are not willing to be Mine altogether.’ Oh! I felt as if I could have sunk through the floor with shame as I felt how true it all was; and yet, Lord, Thou knowest I am willing to be made willing. Oh! take me in hand altogether.”



CHAPTER II.

The full Assurance of Faith, and Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

“The voice of my Beloved, behold He cometh.”—
Song ii. 8.

“The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul.”—
Prov. xiii. 19.

E continue to extract from the diary, and find how bright a day was dawning on the longing heart. The Lord creates no desires by His blessed Spirit which He is not waiting to fulfil, and that in a way “exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.”

“*Monday, February 5th, 1877.*—The most delightful day of my life, next to my conversion—a second conversion indeed. I was in the drawing-room praying, when suddenly the Lord came into His temple, and my heart was flooded with glory unspeakable. The power of the Most High

overshadowing me, is the best expression I can find of my feelings. Every bit of unwillingness in every form disappeared at once. My will is now the will of my God completely and for ever. Christ is in me. I can feel it in a way unknown before. I am nothing, nothing ; and Jesus is just every thing—all in all. Oh ! I never dreamed there could be such joy in having no self ; no self-complacency, no self-will, no self-guidance. I can now go anywhere, do anything God wills, for I have no desire for anything but His glory. And oh ! the liberty and the freedom. The Lord put it into my heart to write to Mr. F——, to return thanks that night in the prayer meeting. I did so. 'Yes, Lord,' seems the reply to everything He says, no matter what. Then came the mother's meeting, and oh ! what a meeting. The subject was just what I had prepared, but Jesus Himself was speaking. I never felt anything so delicious in my life. It just seems as if some one else was speaking, and I looking on instead of being the instrument used. Self was just lost completely, and the Lord showed Himself to the mothers

—no wonder so many longed after Him from that day. In the evening came the prayer meeting, when I gave Mr. F—— my request. I know now why the Lord asked me to write to him, for it struck the keynote of the evening—*self-will*. Then arose many earnest prayers for deliverance from self.

“I never have spent such a day ; self seems nowhere, and Jesus is filling me. ‘Thank God, thank God,’ he said, ‘then told me to look up all the *keeping* promises, and not expect to fall, though self would have a resurrection some time.’

“*Thursday, February 8th.*—The days go on in sweet submission to God’s will, and everything is so joyous and happy, and yet I fear much, that unconsciously experience will take the place of Christ. Lord, keep me from this ; and let it be always Jesus only.

“Called on Mrs. L——, who had been asking to see me, who I found was anxious about herself. Spoke to her only God’s words, waiting in dependence on His Holy Spirit for the message, and He gave it, and she is saved. Never did I feel before how restful it is just to be a mere channel, and to let

the living water flow unhindered, giving God all the glory for any good done ; for it is all His own, and such a delight to give it Him ALL.

“ In the evening we had service in Church, where Mr. F—— told us of a sovereign desiring his physician to ask him for great things in return for his cure ; and the more he asked the more honoured the king felt. Before going to bed, I acted so with God. Never before did I get so near the throne as to-night. My little room was indeed a Bethel. God was there. Yes, and Satan was there too, defiling the holy spot. ‘ Thou art my child indeed,’ God seemed to be saying to me ; and I, oh ! how low I felt before Him, dust and ashes indeed, yet drawing nigh with holy boldness. How much I asked for, and how much I felt I obtained there and then. It was a favoured time, and I seized it. First, I pleaded Isaiah lx. 19, 20 ; and the question came, ‘ Believest thou that I am able to do this ? ’ Satan said, ‘ It is not for you ; ’ but at length all unbelief faded away, and I said, ‘ Yea, Lord, *yea, Lord, even for me.* ’ Then I pleaded

for much grace in the home circle to ——.” The names of many are recorded. “ And all my poor, saved and unsaved ; and after every fresh request the question came, it seemed direct from the throne, ‘ Believest thou that I am *able* to do this ? ’ At last the Lord went up from talking with me, and I went to bed overawed with such a divine manifestation.”

“ *February 9th.*—In the morning Mrs. L——’s Bible class. Had the experience of the Song of Solomon ii. 6, ‘ Sick of love.’ Felt I must have fainted with the excess of joy, or died, as promise after promise was brought forward, and I felt the whole land *is mine*. My heart felt, oh! so small, to contain the amount of joy, and agony was the result. ‘ O Lord, withhold Thy manifestations,’ I cried, ‘ or I shall die ; remember I am only a weak worm of clay.’ Then Satan came to the pinnacle and said, ‘ Sin just a little, a foolish thought, and the joy will go down.’ ‘ No,’ I said, ‘ never, never. If I die, I die ; but keep me, Lord, from sinning.’ Felt it such a relief when Mrs. L—— asked me for a text. I gave Isaiah lx. 17, 18.

"Went home and wrote to my sisters of the way the Lord was leading me, that we might praise His Name together. After tea Miss —— came in, and we had such a nice talk up in my bedroom. I told her of the Lord *in* me now, and how eagerly she sought the like experience. We prayed together, then we went to the teachers' meeting. 'Lord, that she also may know Thee as an *all-sufficient* Saviour.'"

Still we find the cry which betokens her watchfulness of spirit, and the susceptibility induced by an indwelling Holy One. *Self* is felt the torment when it springs up. "Oh, how hateful it is; Lord, undertake for me again; surely pride is not uprooted."

"Oh, for self-abnegation and self-crucifixion—I long to be perfectly holy."

"The last day of this 'happy, holy time' in Brighton comes. Mr. F—— lent me Upham's *Interior Life*, and *Grace for Grace*, by James, and his kindly warning, referring to past experience, is, 'Now, don't build on this; remember not *it* but *Him*.'

"Lord, Thou must help me doubly now; *there is no human arm sustaining*. . Am still

looking only, only to Jesus, and He is my all and in all. I am so fearful lest anything should divide my attention from Jesus only. Lord, help me.

“Got into a carriage with a few more, and felt so overflowing with love and gratitude to the Lord, that I asked him what I could do for Him here. He pointed me to the woman sitting near me, and I found her one wishing to be saved, and the words were winged by the Spirit. She promised she would seek Jesus that night, and what a grasp of the hand she gave me on going away; we felt one.”

It was natural that a return to home life and duties, after a time of so much blessed experience, should have a tendency to chill and depress. The adversary fails not to take advantage, and throw in doubts as to whether the fire will burn as brightly now. “It is a dark moment; from a stricken heart I cry to Him who can yet save fully, and from the excellent glory came a reply, ‘I will show you greater things than these, that ye may marvel.’ Very sweetly I went to sleep.

“Sunday, in church. How cold the service

another shows how well she had now learnt *the way*, whether her own path lay in sunshine or in shadow. We have a bright sentence or two here.

“ Oh ! things are changed with me this year ; I feel it is no longer I, but Christ. He does not *help me* ; He does *all* the good Himself, and I have nothing at all but sin and failure. ‘ I live, yet not I.’ What a life of constant vigilance it is, yet one of constant rest and peace, and joy often ! Prayer and the Word are more vital *real things*, and I know what it is to abide under the shadow of His wing. Infirmary days are more full of power, and I let God speak through me, and am not anxious about results, for they are His, so long as I do His will perfectly. There is another alteration. I always ask Him now where to go to, and what to do every day and every hour ; and it is no bondage but a delight, and He does sometimes, show how wonderfully He leads ; and then it is in fellowship with Him. And duties not now look in two classes, important and unimportant ; every duty looks alike, if it is *done to God’s glory*—as much mending

clothes as addressing a meeting Anxious still to bring forth more fruit—momentary fruit. I never had such a desire for God's glory in my *life walk*. Often I feel it is all absorbing, and then again it is not so much so."

But a little later on, we find her thus expressing, in a letter to her friend, the anxiety which has been creeping over her now so sensitive soul.

" You kindly said, when I was in Brighton, that I might write to you whenever I got into any difficulty in this life of faith. I thought then I should not need to trouble you, for everything seemed so smooth and simple, 'trusting Jesus, that is all.' But somehow or other lately, my way has seemed hedged up with thorns, and I think it is the Lord's will I should ask you to help me out of the difficulty. I don't know how to explain it to you, but, in a word, it seems as if I am left more to myself by God. I am not buoyed up as much as I used to be, borne along by the mighty power of God in me. There is not the overwhelming sense of conscious union with Jesus, or quite the

same liberty of access always into His presence. And yet I do not think I have taken back my will in anything. I am the Lord's altogether, and never, *never* wish to be anything, or do anything, but what He wills. What can be the reason of this estrangement from God ? Can it be that the Lord is leading me His own way ; or have I been straying aside by a by-path ? This is what I am constantly asking myself and the Lord, and yet no answer seems to come. I fancy what I want is a fresh revelation of Jesus, just such another glimpse of His glory as I got in Brighton ; but no such revelation is given I feel I cannot rest till I find myself again on the bosom of Jesus, raptured with His love." She mentions in her diary this writing, and that the reply came. She adds, " But before it came, my Beloved had revealed Himself to me afresh, and I felt again absorbed in Him. Oh ! what rest and joy." The following letter describes her experience more fully :—

" I feel I must write to you at once, to thank you very much for your kind and *helpful* letter. I received it as something

straight from the Lord, for I had been asking Him so much to tell you what to say to me, and I know He did ; for it just exactly suited my need, and my heart is as full as it can be of praise and thankfulness. Every lingering shadow has passed away, and the sun's full rays are on me once more. I can see now *wherefore* the greater part of my experience went. Not necessarily a sign of the Lord's displeasure, but as a trial of faith to see whether my heart was quite true to Him. On Saturday I was reading part of Dr. Upham's book, the chapter on Interior Desolations, and that with your kind letter has made me see things so plainly. When I could say, Lord, it is Thyself I want, not happiness, nor holiness, or even usefulness, nothing but Thyself ; then the beloved Bridegroom came back again, and I am perfectly satisfied *with Him*. I have God, I want no more. Self has been subdued again by the King reigning triumphantly. Will you thank the Lord with me ? I cannot tell you how much I love Him for the gentle way He is leading me, but more for what *He is*. I have so often thought of the last prayer

meeting when you asked the Lord to *keep* me. He has done it in a way I could not have thought of, through the darkness as through the light. Your prayer meeting will be to-night, might I ask you to think of me when you get near the throne, that from henceforth I may be desiring 'Jesus *only*?' I see I have been wrong in fancying I had a stock of grace within, instead of realising not only that I *am* nothing, but also that I *have* nothing, and Jesus has it all for me."

We extract from a letter written to another friend about the same time the following:—

"How I can feel for you leaving that loved home and dear Mrs. L——. His will is not always easy, is it? But the worst part is over when we can know it is indeed His pure will concerning us. The worst part? All the trial, I should say, for it is very easy indeed to say 'Yes' when God asks. Don't you find this? My trouble lately has been what *is* His will about daily plans, frames, &c., and I am afraid I have been getting myself into some bondage in this very particular, but 'He leadeth me.' Yes, I am so sure of this, step by step He is leading me, and I am learning

to praise Him more when I cannot see Him very clearly. You are not at rest yet. I have so often been thinking about you since your letter, and fancy one cure of the difficulty would be this, the way I got rid of a grievous thought last week, which was always cropping up and hindering my enjoyment in the Lord. I just said, Lord, let Thy will be done completely in this matter. If Thy will be so, let Satan come as often as he wishes with his vexing words; but, if not, let me think no more about the matter; and thus resigning my will to do altogether as He willed, I was at rest, and never once since have I been troubled with it. Have you tried this way? Perhaps you have, and the result is not the same. Well, dear, if His will is done, will you not willingly let Satan come as much as he likes, and take the difficulty as a means from the Lord to make you very humble, and partaker with Him in His sufferings, knowing how sorely He too was tempted? So far as I can see this is the wherefore of the trouble. Now I suppose you are wanting to hear how I have fared since we parted. Well, the way has not been

such as I thought it would be, much more intricate and more difficult. Satan, so evidently near, night and day, to steal away the heart from close communion, and at times I have felt as if I must succumb, and could do little else than fall low before the Lord, and cry, Lord, help me, or I shall surely fall and dishonour Thee. And then Satan has said, The Lord had left me, and I must have done something wrong, and yet I knew not what. Oh ! how little do people know about the Christian walk in faith when they say, there can be no conflict if there is rest; I mean opposers to this doctrine. Since I gave myself up altogether to the Lord, I have had conflict as I never had before all my life, and I never felt before such need of constant watchfulness and prayer. But He has kept me wonderfully, my dear, gracious Lord ; and looking back this afternoon upon the last two wonderful months, I feel as if I had grown more in grace and wisdom than I used to in a year before. You said something about the overflowing joy in your letter, and wanted to know if I have it still. No, dear, I have *not*; the rapture has subsided gradually. How

alarmed I got as I felt it gradually going, going, and nothing left ; no experience of any kind ! I mean nothing emotional—nothing left ; but what shall I say ? why, just a hungering for more holiness, and an awful hatred at sin, and desire for God's glory as the one thing I longed for ; yet withal no more marvellous revelations or overflooding light. This now is my experience ; and peace, yes, real peace, is mine, and a quiet waiting on the Lord, and resting on His Word. One thing I feel craving for now is uninterrupted, close, *close* fellowship with the Father and His Son ; so close that the union bond may be always realised, and all the power experienced arising from such a bond, and this, moment by moment ; and it shall be mine. I know it will, for He has promised, has He not ? Do write to me soon, and help me on, for I feel so longing to get helped. I am such a poor, weak baby in this way. . . .

“ Don’t you feel Time now a wonderfully precious thing, and grudge every moment should not be full of God ? and yet, as I write, I feel how good may be one’s desires, and yet how little the fulfilment thereof in one’s

experience. Well, well, 'Patience with one's-self,' as Mrs. Boardman would say, 'and the government is upon His shoulder, and we will leave it there.'

The Mildmay Conference this year seems to have been a time of much disappointment and inward conflict. Perhaps we may trace a snare in the too much looking to human sympathy. But also there was evidently much bodily weakness and depression; and perhaps, as long as we are in these our tabernacles, the children of God may hardly learn to discern, as the Spirit of God can do, between what is occasioned by physical and what by spiritual causes. But she writes of one day—"How I enjoyed it! Mr. Rainsford and Dr. Fraser, and especially the hymn, 'None, of Self, and all of Thee.' Lord, I know now a little more what that means, and whatever it costs me, give me now my heart's desire." A prayer soon to be fully answered. She felt "the deep probing of the surgeon's knife," and herself utterly sinful and helpless.

After her return home, when for a while she seems to have been seriously ill, she writes—"Jesus has not come back to me as

before, but I am following Him into the wilderness, into a land not sown; and He does smile now and then, but I am restless without Him. I want 'none but Christ,' and, in the meantime, till He come, will seek to do His will. I feel now so different from formerly in this. My one desire and aim in life was to win souls; now it is to be in the full swing of God's will, useful or not, so long as I am pleasing Him."

Later on—"Saw where I have been wrong for some time—waiting for a fuller experience, some wonderful manifestation, and omitting to take Jesus every step of the way as my all-sufficient Saviour. What a little thing puts us wrong!"

The year ends with earnest desires for renewed power, for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and describing an agreement made to meet with others in prayer, "That the Lord would open the windows of Heaven on the pulpit, the congregation, the district, and our schools; that we may all be baptised with the Holy Ghost, and ere long the shout of a King be heard in our midst." . . . "Have been feeling lack of power with man and God.

lately; but be not cast down, my soul; oh, be not disquieted within me; hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him."

The opening of 1878 may prepare us for the blessing so soon to follow.

"*January 1st*—New Year's Day.—Began the day resting my whole weight on the Word of a covenant-keeping God. Had a solemn, earnest time last night, before 1877 went to add itself to the past, and received as a promise for this year—'Bring all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house; and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it' (Malachi iii. 10). I believe, yes, I do believe, all the tithes are brought in again, and laid at the feet of God. I have given myself away to Him to do with me absolutely as He pleases; to raise or depress me, to humble or exalt, to use me or not, to lead me to suffering and trial, or joy and success. Yes, Lord, just Thy way with me absolutely this year. I *know* it will be the best year I have ever lived. I know

it will be one of more continuous abiding, more real communion. The Lord has passed His 'Yes' to me, and I am resting on it. What a year 1877 has been! my heart sings aloud when I think of it, and this year to be a great deal better. O God, I thank Thee.

"I am not going to add up the conversions of last year"—as she had been in the habit of doing in this journal—"I don't think it is a good plan, because some former ones have been unreal, and all real ones are the Lord's, and all the glory ought to be His own. Oh, to be always willing, and anxious to be nothing, nothing! God has managed my pride wonderfully, so far as love and desire for praise is concerned, but another form of it is still strong in me—self-dependence. Surely here is the secret of my frequent failings. I think the Lord is going to purge me, and refine my dross this year. Lord, here I am, do with me as seemeth Thee good."

"*February 13th.—My twenty-eighth birthday; how the Lord has led me!*"

After an absence with dear Christian friends—"In the train home felt how the society of God's holy saints had made me

feel less desirous of that of His most holy Son. Asked forgiveness, and then came again a glow of love and joy, and reached home with my Beloved, feeling Him sweeter and better than all."

At the close of the year she writes—

"Another year ended; what account is it rendering of my growth in grace? Ah, it has not been quite so good a year as last, though I have been to Brighton. Dr. Boardman says, 'When we go from one wave to another, a hollow comes between;' perhaps the hollow is being passed over by me. I do not feel such continuous fulness, and moment by moment dependence as last spring. And yet the principle of trust is strengthened and easier to attain unto. I am not where I was; no, no; a great step is gained; more obedience, and desire for guidance, and for God's glory, but the old pride crops up; yes, often and often; and self is stronger in many ways. Ah! this self; Lord, manage it. What sort of a year will 1879 be? A good year, Lord, to me and Thee, for Thy sake."

When we compare these closing sentences *with the complete self-consecration with*

which the year was entered upon, who can fail to trace the Lord's own dealings in the downward as well as upward paths (in point of experience), through which the beloved writer passed? "Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do," writes the great Apostle by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, after his fervent prayer for the Thessalonians. "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Thess. v. 23, 24). That faithful God was bringing her far more speedily than she knew to that best day *for her and for Him*, when she should "see Him as He is," and be like Him for ever.

With a few brief lines in 1879, the journal ceases to be our guide. We add a few letters and extracts written at and after this date.

"A bright, bright, bright Christmas to you, and much joy in the Lord. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, and may a new year, when it comes, find you pressing hard after Him whom your soul

loves. Can I wish you anything better ? Yes, I think so ; the motto I am sending you speaks my best wish for you at this blessed time. *Dwelling* ; yes, that is it, and ever *beholding*. . . . I was at the Stafford Rooms this afternoon, the first time for months and months, and heard Mr. Macartney (author of 'Up Higher'). His subject was, *A Heart of Pity for Lost Souls*. He was most solemn, and put, in plain language, the awful responsibility resting on God's people, to be faithful to the unconverted. I have been asking the Lord lately for a share in His burden for souls. Oh ! to have His pity and tenderness. How little we *realise* the condition of the lost ! Mr. Macartney said this is our common complaint. God says, *Believe*. He only *realises* aright ; our part is to believe what He says, and then our eyes will be opened to see somewhat. Do you know, I find one requires to have the subject of faith constantly brought before one, so as to keep on trusting. So Mrs. Boardman said, and I find it is true in my case. But, alas ! I am such an unsettled, unstable being, others do *eed* so much."

"Yes dear, I do ask for the fulness for you, and I know it is coming ; I am quite sure. 'I will send My messenger, and He shall prepare the way before Me ; and the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple.'

"'The Lord is at hand,' shall we keep lifting up the gates that the King of Glory may come in ! Do you ask how it is with me ? Well, I feel just like the disciples before Pentecost, waiting, longing, praying, and full of glad expectation, laying claim to the promise, ' All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth.' All power *His*, then mine, for I am united to Him. I think, dear, I would tell the Lord, '*now*' is the time, for I know how you feel ; you 'cannot let Him go except He bless you.' I know He will give you as much as you are ready for, if not all you want or need.

"The *5th February* this is. Ah ! this day three years ago, when the betrothal took place. I shall never forget it. It was so real *then*, and *now* after so long."

But the Lord had yet some better thing in store for His dear child ; some life more

abundant, some strengthening with all might, even the might of His Holy Spirit, preparing her for the suffering in which she was to glorify Him.

We will give her own words, as she spoke of this time during her last weeks.

“ I had been so longing for the baptism of the Spirit. I cannot tell you how I had longed for months ” (and tears filled her eyes) ; “ it was almost unbearable. I cried out, ‘ Lord, I cannot leave Brighton until Thou dost give it me.’ It was not happiness I wanted, it was not power, it was Himself. Then I heard Him say, ‘ I will send you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever,’—*for ever*. That was rest, perfect rest. He was pleading, and it was for ever. Well, I woke up next morning, and I can’t tell you how I felt: bells seemed to be ringing through my whole being, and a voice said, clear and strong, ‘ I am come into My garden, My sister, My spouse.’ Jesus had come.

“ Then I thought, what if, when I go back to the old work, I should find I am just the same? And then Jesus spoke—spoke as *urly as I should hear you speaking to me—*

‘Emmie, I have prayed for *thee*, that thy faith fail not.’ That was rest. Jesus was pleading, and He has kept His word. Strange, it was just the same at my conversion—Jesus pleading brought rest.”

We remember how it is written, “Lord, Thou has heard the desire of the humble: Thou wilt prepare their heart; Thou will cause Thine ear to hear” (Psa. x. 17).

The letters that follow are after this date. The first is one written at the time of this fresh experience, and dated April 22, 1880—

“MY DEAR MR. FIGGIS,—I must write to you to help me to magnify the Lord. He has been coming into my soul this past week with great power, as never before, and I am feeling most blessedly *possessed* with Him. I wish I could tell you all about it; how for many months the cry of my heart has been to be *filled*, and every week the longing grew intense; not for joy. I did not care for that, nor for power or rest either, though I had been feeling sadly stripped of all three. Himself! Himself! that was what I wanted; and on Sunday evening last, when I was unable to go to church, He came, and He has taken

full, full possession. I don't know how to express my experience, for I seem to have lost all consciousness of experience in the sublime reality of His indwelling presence. God is now everywhere; everything speaks of Him, and I am one with God. My heart trembles with the wonder of it all, and I don't know if it is this which makes me feel so strangely weak in body. I feel I cannot hold such a glorious presence. He holds me; this gives me strength to bear it all. The Holy Spirit has come to abide with me *for ever*, He says, and I can't feel the least care or anxiety for anything; for any fresh need arising, He will meet with a ready supply; and I am conscious of just *letting* the Spirit carry on His own work, witnessing for Jesus every moment *in* me and *to* me. I am almost wondering at myself for telling you all this. I don't know if I would, if you were not my father in this life of faith, as I said before."

To another friend she writes—

"London, April 26, 1880.—Well, dearest, how strange it seems to be at home again, and *ended* by all the realities of life, after

having been up in the 'glory' for a fortnight. Not more than I knew it would be; and I am just saying, 'Yes, Lord' (to all the change of experience I mean), for He abideth; and if He keeps His home in my heart, and I am doing His will, moment by moment, I am so glad. The journey home was so bright, so lovely outside, primroses and blue-bells carpeting the banks."

Speaking of returning to her Sunday-school class, she says, "How nice it will be to try to lead them afresh to Jesus. I did not go to church in the evening, but had the time with the Lord at home. Do you know, I seem to need a great deal of time with Him now, for I am just shut up to Him? And to think He is going to do all the work, leading and keeping, how good it is—'I am thy God.'"

"*May 11th, 1880.*—How glad I am you are getting so many helps. Does it not show the Spirit longs to enter, and have fullest possession. Darling, His coming is a very real thing; it is to me, and all things are new; but I know it must be *at all costs*—and the yielding to the Holy Spirit must be constant, and self must be kept nothing.

nothing, and He, the strong Holy One, does it all. This is rest even in conflict, and I have had lots of this since seeing you. But He keeps, and momently, and I feel dependent on Him as never before, and listening for His voice. He tells me I am in His hand; and I keep telling Him I am His altogether. I must tell you a joy He gave me last week, when I dipped for an hour into my poor neglected district. The first woman I went to, a dear Scotchie, who had been anxious for months, more or less, told me she had found Him since last I saw her. St. Peter's mission services were blessed to her. She was inwardly compelled to go, she said, and the Lord met her. Won't it be nice now to try and give her a helping hand over the rough stones and hills? How does your work go on?"

May or June 1880.—After the first discovery of her fatal malady, this request for prayer was sent to the noon prayer meeting at Brighton—

"Pray that the malady may be withdrawn if God's will, and that I may be strengthened with all might by His Spirit."

“I am perfectly at rest, and as cheery as can be, and I think all will be well in a few weeks. You ask again, ‘Is the sun still shining?’ Oh! yes, thank God, and I am hourly resting and leaning on Himself—not with an extraordinary experience, as at Brighton, and for some time after coming home. I don’t think this would be possible, or desirable either, but God the Spirit keeps and teaches me to walk by faith, and I like to forget all experience in thinking of Him. To know God. Yes; that is what we want, is it not? It is so blessed to lie in the Holy Spirit’s grasp, and to let Him reveal God to us. Now, don’t think anything of me, or of my experiences either, dear. But let us both just lay firm hold of the promises and trust, trust, trust always. Have you gripped yet Jer. xxxii. 38-41?”

To one beloved friend, after giving an account of family plans, now interfered with by her own serious state of health, she writes, “It is all a tangled web at present, but it will unravel in time in the Father’s hand; and, in the meantime, we are all quietly resting and trusting.” About the same time,

“ Oh, how intense is the fire of God’s love ! Don’t you think He wants us to believe and rest in that more than anything else, even than His power ? He is giving me a good, good time. So many opportunities to speak of Him to rich and poor, and I am so glad to feel so strong and able to speak. I trust you are having a rich table spread at Keswick, and that the King draws *very* near, and many hungry ones are being fed, and eyes opened to see what God is, and all the work and glory are His, His.”

Truly, after this a confirmed peace and joy, nay, may we not add, the glory, were there ? The face was illumined by the light, the love within. Those who were with her the last few weeks or months of her life felt this. “ I never shall forget the brilliancy that lit up her countenance,” says one, “ at the last conversation I had with her. It was all brightness and rapture, and from that day her sun never went down.”



CHAPTER III.

The Happy Worker.

“This day is holy unto our Lord ; neither be ye sorry : for the joy of the Lord is your strength.”—Nehemiah viii. 10.

“She hath been a succourer of many.”—Rom. xvi. 2.

 **E** have been permitted to withdraw the veil a little from the inner life, to trace in some feeble measure the dealings of the Lord with this His favoured child, in bringing her into “the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ,” and closest communion with Himself.

Before we pass on to the blessed consummation, when at the Master’s call she rose up and came to Him in glory, let us try to know her somewhat in her home life, and in her labours more abundant. Truly her Father gave her the “upper springs ;” and the “nether springs” were visible to all, in the

brightness of her own spirit, and in "the places round about her," which seemed ever gladdened by her presence. Abiding in Christ, and His words abiding in her, she could not fail to bring a blessing from Him wherever she went.

We give the testimony of one of her own innermost circle:—"Just the very sunniest Christian I ever met with, is perhaps what everyone who knew her would say. *Brightness* was always her chief characteristic. She never let sorrow, or sadness, or gloom rest on her; at least, she never let them appear to others. People passing her in the street would remark the bright face; and visiting one of her women, a stranger who met her there remarked—'I am sure that lady has a joy I know nothing about.' At home and abroad it was the same. She was always a sunbeam, and brought gladness with her. When she was from home, we felt as if two or three had left, she made such a blank. She seemed to live and lay herself out for that one thing—to make others happy. No self-denial or labours seemed too great, if it was to give pleasure to others. Looking back on her life,

it seems such a wonderfully *continuous* life for others ; from morning to night, and from the morning of her life till its grand closing."

And at that close how amply do the messages she sent to others, and which will be given presently, show how even in the hour of death the heart was at leisure from itself to care for those she loved, and whose highest welfare seemed as dear to her, even then, as her own.

There was a great *intensity* in her life. She said at the last, " I felt I should die young ; I know I overworked myself, but I wanted to cram into my life as much as it would hold."

There is no doubt she *did* overwork herself. Often she seems to have returned home in a state of the most utter exhaustion. " I did not know how tired I was till I was done," she would say. " I never felt better than when I was in the middle of an address ; it was always when I had quite finished that I felt I had done too much, and could hardly drag myself home."

On this subject we find in her own diary the reflections that may naturally occur to

those who read this account of her. "I have been thinking much lately of the treatment I give my poor body. I am afraid I am a hard taskmaster to it, and do not sufficiently consider it, too, as the Lord's, and to be taken care of for Him. I will seek in future to keep it well, and not overwork it, else if I get ill it will be my own folly, not God's chastening. Lord, give me true wisdom in this particular."

Naturally of a most ardent and enthusiastic nature, we see how that nature was beautifully consecrated and used for the Lord by His own grace. She herself constantly saw the need of His guiding and *restraining* hand. But has He not said Himself, in speaking to His Church—"I would thou wert cold or HOT."

The detailed account of her work in the Lord's vineyard would fill many pages. We can but mention its chief characteristics. Her life was **VERY FULL**. A class of boys was one great interest—watched over, prayed over, spoken with individually and collectively;—often mourned over, sometimes *led in*, always committed to the Lord

for Him to work. There is one name occurs several times in the journal—that of Robert _____. “Walked home with R_____, who told me he always hears my voice speaking to him in his sleep. Rejoiced at this, as I feel the truths enter into his heart. Am persuaded he is willing to be a Christian. O God, how can I thank Thee enough for my boys !”

He is mentioned at different times more and more hopefully, and at last with great satisfaction, both on his own account, and on that of his usefulness to others. And then—“A letter from Mrs. James tells of poor Robert’s terrible illness from typhoid fever. Went up in the afternoon, as he wanted to see me; but he is mostly unconscious. He awoke, and recognised me with a bright smile. He is just resting in Jesus, poor lad ! Prayed in faith with Mrs. James for his recovery, but God wills it not.” The next day—“Went again to see Robert, but he is worse, and no hope of his recovery. He told the doctor he feared nothing—to live was Christ, and to die was Christ.”

Some days after, “Went to say good-bye to dear Robert; what a scene of sorrow !

Lord, comfort them all ! I feel how great an honour to have had somewhat to do in bringing so useful a servant to Jesus Christ. And now he is gone, and testimonies come pouring in from all quarters of his faithfulness in work, and in the Lord's vineyard."

Besides her class of boys, her district, the workhouse, the Lock Infirmary, all were taken up as her work given her of the Lord. All were the subjects of her continual prayers and of her highest aims.

For all she did was (if we may use the expression) *steeped in prayer*. And who will not see in this the grand secret of her success ? All led to prayer, all was continued in prayer; every vicissitude only renewed her earnestness of prayer. Is she successful ? Praise and the ascription of all the glory to God is the immediate result. And in the earnest desire for more grace, for further manifestations of that glory, we have the witness of the Spirit to the sincerity of heart with which her lips have uttered praise.

Is she discouraged ?—let us see how all is *brought to the Lord in prayer*. “ Felt com-

pletely baffled when trying to speak to my infirmary people to-day, and what I could say fell as a dead weight, I fear, on the souls of those who heard me. Never felt so little blessing. Went home to weep bitterly, and to humble myself before the Lord, and plead with intense earnestness for the future, and arose strengthened in fresh expectation. The Lord must take the work into His own hands, and grant the increase." And then what humble readiness to learn follows. "Heard an address on Missions from Mrs. Baxter, one who has been much owned by the Master to the conversion of souls. Felt abased on account of my barrenness, and think I do not deal with souls rightly. I am not earnest, faithful, pointed enough." Ah! how apt to learn, as well as teach, are they who are working in this near communion with God; and who are never satisfied without realising that His Spirit "remaineth" with them in all they do.

We have seen a little of how the close of every year is a time of earnest prayer, in the closet, with the loving sisters, with all with whom she was connected at the time.

“Let us pray” seems to have been the continual language of her heart.

The extracts from her diary already given have shown the continually renewed acts of Consecration which accompanied her prayers. Never would she *consciously* allow a hindrance to their answers in self-will, or self-chosen ways. “Again, in private, made the surrender, and the dawn of the new year found me very peaceful and very trustful, having given over all into God’s hands.”

For years soul-winning was the passion of her life, and it was no fitful flame that burned within her. There were no outbursts of zeal, ending in reaction. Impulsive as her temperament was, *this* impulse was an uniform one. Wherever she was, whoever with, at home in her regular work; taking a time of rest and refreshment with friends, or during the intensely prized opportunities of spiritual enjoyment and edification for herself. Everywhere we find the pathway of her life marked out by opportunities found and made, for a word spoken for her Lord, or some laying herself out to make others happier. We may give the account of her during the visit to

Belleville, of which she herself wrote in a letter in *Woman's Work in the Harvest Field*, of September 1880. It is from the pen of the loving sister who was with her. "That month's visit comes to me now as so characteristic. Though only a visit, she plunged most energetically into work. She delighted the old women she speaks of in her letter by singing hymns to them. Not being able to speak French fluently, she managed to ferret out some English women, and took great interest in them, and she distributed no end of tracts and gospels. I think I see her still in the crowded markets, how they pressed round her, and how happy she was in scattering the good seed ; it was, indeed, with her, 'with both hands earnestly.' One day we went to St. Denis, but the chief business was always the King's business. Seeing the monuments was as nothing compared with that going from stall to stall giving tracts, and the same at Marseilles. Work never seemed a bondage to her, always a delight. What a happy worker she was, to be sure ! I believe every worker missed her when she left, and the least attractive were always those

she most laid herself out to cheer and make happy."

The *directness* of her appeals to those she spoke with cannot but strike one in her little memoranda of cases. Single-eyed and single-hearted herself, fully consecrated, and especially latterly, full of the joy of the Lord, she never seems to have contemplated any lower standard for those she would win. "Lord, turn him right round and save him," is her prayer for one of whom she writes as studying the Word, going to church, and having left off swearing.

"Keep this dear lad, Lord, as the apple of Thine eye," of one of her boys, who says he finds more strength against temptation.

Of one visit she writes—"Heard that Mrs. L—— was dying, so went over to Norwood to see her. Found her a little better, but very ill. Was anxious to find whether she really had given her heart to Christ, and was greatly cheered to see her quite walking in the right way, and so different from what she was. Lord, Thy grace is marvellous, extending even to the salvation of the very *old*."

She had a remarkable power of winning and drawing out the confidence of those she was wanting to help on their way, and great perseverance in *following up* cases in which she was interested. "When she once had hold of a person" (her sister writes) "she did not let go her hold. If at too great a distance to visit she corresponded, if at all *get-at-able* she visited. She thought nothing of spending half a day in visiting a case at a distance. Especially did she tend most earnestly those she had been instrumental in bringing to Christ. She knew all about them—their difficulties and discouragements, their progress or backsliding. She literally did, like the good Samaritan, 'take care' of them. Over and over again she said to me at last, that she did see her work was about finished, for almost every one she visited had come to Christ."

It was in one of these closing days of her life on earth that she used the expression, already quoted, that "for years soul-winning had been the passion of her life." She added, "but lately I have seen there is something higher, the living to do God's will, and being

holy ; for years I thought too little of that." We have seen how the Lord alone did lead her into the more and more perfect knowledge of His holy will concerning her.

Another of her characteristics was a strong desire to make the most of everything ; she had a horror of waste. What a number of bonnets her clever fingers made for poor people out of what looked trash ; and how she delighted her workhouse people by the scraps she had gathered for their patchwork !

It was the same with her time. I never saw her idle when she was well ; and whatever she did, she did with a will.

God had given her a voice of song—clear, ringing, and most melodious. She mentions in her journal the giving up of singing operatic songs, that this talent might be entirely consecrated to the Lord's service. She used to remember that her name Emmeline means *melodious* ; and she did try to make melody in hearts not a few. She succeeded ; her clear, sweet voice, always true, would leave the sound of the songs of Zion, which she sung, ringing in the ears and hearts of those *who*

Her addresses were powerful, natural, to the point—full of home thrusts and intense earnestness; and given with a happy animation, as though she had One to tell of, whom it was a delight to her to name. “I can only thank you very, very much for coming,” writes a friend to whose poor people she had been speaking, “and for the words you left with us, which have been blessed to many. I have heard one or two expressions of great happiness and thankfulness for your address. ‘She seemed to understand all our difficulties,’ said one. You were indeed given the right word to say to them.”

And will it not always, in measure, be so with those who can say with her, “Things are changed with me this year, I feel it is no longer I, but Christ? He does not *help me*; He **DOES ALL** the good Himself.”



CHAPTER IV.

Glory Begun.

"For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—2 Peter i. 11.

 EVEN months of ever-increasing suffering were appointed for bringing this dear one to her home in glory. She had laid herself upon the altar, and the sacrifice was accepted. Did she ever for one moment regret that surrender? No. We shall see how deeply it comforted her to feel it had been made.

Does the Lord deal hardly with those who leave themselves in His hands? let the words which follow show. For surely if her sufferings abounded (and they were very great) much more did consolation abound through Jesus Christ. (2 Cor. i. 5.)

"When first I was told," she writes, "after the consultation of the physicians that

nothing could be done, it seemed unbearable —to be an invalid for life. I who love activity, you know what that would have been to me ; and I went upstairs to my room, and fell on my knees, and cried out, 'O ! my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' Then I heard Jesus say, 'Canst thou not be baptised with My baptism, and drink of the cup whereof I drank, to have fellowship with Me ; and thus you shall glorify Me ?' Oh ! yes, Lord, I cried ; have Thy way, I am willing ; and then all was bright."

Speaking to a friend, she said,—“I asked Him to give me the burden of souls, and He did. But oh ! I could not endure it long ; none could. He told me I now knew something of what He felt for souls. Sometimes I feel a pang when I think I shall not be able to work for souls any longer ; for oh ! what service like winning souls ; and yet, I suppose, there will be higher service.”

It was answered that the Lord gives us a certain work to do ; and if we abide in Him He does it. And now in her suffering He was giving her service in which she was glorify-

ing Him. She replied, "Oh ! I believe in suffering as the highest service."

We avail ourselves of the memoranda of loving friends, as we give, perhaps, in a somewhat disconnected manner, the various sentences which fell from her lips from time to time. A few out of many, and but fragmentary.

"'I have had a happy life, and especially the last thirteen years since I was converted ; and the last few years peculiarly so. And now, dear mother (the loving name given by many to her whose notes we follow here). And now, dear mother, when we meet again it will be in the glory.'

"I said, 'You have done me good.' She replied quickly, 'Not I, you know. I have nothing ; it is Jesus.' 'Yes, darling, but it does me good to see what He does in you.'

"In reading her a letter I asked her, 'Do you remark how she always now uses the expression—the Triune God ?' 'Yes,' she said, 'you understand, don't you, as we know more of Him, we cease to see only One ; we see the Three, and how dear we *are to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost* ? To

know God is indeed wonderful; and He speaks to me such loving words, through His own Word, making it a living Word. God always gives us what we really ask for and want. My prayer to Him has long been, Do anything Thou pleasest with me, so that I may know Thee better; and He has done it. Ah! we have often talked of these things, but now I have the reality. Such a reality!"

"'Not good like you,' said one to her, 'but very wicked.' 'Do you think me good?' 'I do.' 'But I am not; we are just exactly alike, both poor sinners—but here lies the difference. What you see in me and think good is not me; it is not Emmeline Duncan, but the beautiful robe that Christ has put on me; and what you like is not me but Christ, and He wants to clothe you with this robe too. Will you promise me to pray constantly, 'Reveal Thyself to me, show me Thyself?' Just go into your room by yourself, and speak to Him, He will save you, I know He will. And will not that be nice to bring others to Him!'

"'I am sure that what Christians need is,

just to be willing ; and to be willing we need to know Jesus. 'They that know Thy Name will put their trust in Thee.' Since I have been ill I have got to know God very well."

" 'I used to pray, Lord, make me holy at all costs. We used to smile at Mr. —— using the words, *at all costs* so often, but there is a great reality in them. I prayed, *at all costs*, with agony of body or mind, if nothing else will do. And God took me at my word ; and He does take us at our word wonderfully, just the words we say. *I* thought of agony of mind for the souls of others, but He gave me the other too.'

" 'You see Jesus had both.'

" 'Yes, it is nice to think of that ; and oh ! it is worth while, for think of the afterwards.'

" 'What Christians need is more simplicity in prayer. I ask God just for what I want, and I hear Him say, "Yes, child, yes !"'

" 'Oh ! I can say, I have never once doubted Him all through this illness, I can say *that*—never once.'"

The Lord gave her the inward witness of the Spirit to the truth of her love which th--- 'I not mistrust the Beloved.'

"God accepted my sacrifice," she said; "did not He? I am so glad He did."

"Yes," was the answer. "He sent down the fire, and the incense was sweet to Him."

Once, after speaking of her approaching death, her burial, &c., she said, "I couldn't talk like this weeks ago, not without sobbing, but I prayed to the Lord to give me excessive calmness, and He has. Tell them of this perfect calmness in looking forward to humiliation and death; it is not natural. I shrank like everybody else, but I prayed, and God gave it to me."

Another time, "Glory, glory all around always." And "Victory, victory through the blood of the Lamb."

"I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say, when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

"Give that verse to the workhouse people,—my people. I have sung it to them so often. Every word is true for me, may it be true for every one of them; if it is true for life, it shall be for death."

She remarked, Mr. —— said, “One cannot live on the mountain tops.” I said, “I *had* lived on them for months.”

“The mountain air is reviving.”

“Yes, you see it is so clear, and has breezes off the sea.”

“The mighty sea of God’s love ?”

“Yes, I mean that.”

Alluding to the conversion of so many in her district, and other work, she said, “My work is done; is not that nice ?”

“And nothing to regret ?”

“Oh” (with eyes brimming over with tears), “so imperfect! so imperfect!”

“Yes, but washed.”

“Yes, and accepted, accepted! joy! joy!” (waving her hand), “wonderful love; it is accepted.”

“Nice to have a messenger; that’s what Jesus feels.”

It was answered, “Yes; a faithful messenger refresheth the soul of his Master.”

“Oh! don’t say it. I can’t bear it! It’s too much love.”

“ It is wonderful the reward we get when we give up all to Him. A hundredfold here ; a millionfold hereafter. Yet Christians won’t believe it.”

“ So sore ! But it’s only a little while, and then no more pain. What a lot of blessings Jesus purchased by His blood ! How I shall thank Him for dying ! ”

“ I adore Him here ; what will it be there ? ”

“ Sin ; well, there was always plenty of that, and of sorrow. I always made a point of telling my sorrows to Jesus before I told them to anyone else, and then often I had not to tell them to others.”

Speaking of an old lady she knew in her childhood, whose words she did not understand, she added, “ But her beaming face struck me ; I believe it did me a lot of good. Oh, I do think Christians ought to cultivate a bright face ; it does tell so. I don’t think they ought ever to let the world see them sad or crying. Let them tell all to Jesus, and don’t let them appear before others till

they can appear with a bright face. ‘Bring them the sunshine, tell Jesus the rest.’ I have tried to make that my motto. I think there is a great secret there.”

“Perhaps His prayer for me just now is, ‘Father, I pray not that Thou shouldst take her out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep her from the evil.’ And it would be a dreadful pity if His will were not accomplished. Oh! yes, I feel I am on the altar, and I would not move the slightest bit—no, not for worlds, come what may !”

“Ask God to give you a devouring appetite for His Word, and He will.”

“I will that they behold My glory, that’s it. ‘Behold My glory’—that is heaven.”

“One or two more billows, and then right on shore for ever and ever! for ever and ever !”

“To-day it has been glory begun, though I have not been able to show it.”

“Oh! I can’t tell you what joy it gives me that I consecrated all fully to the Lord. It’s ——h while. Oh! it’s worth while.

Glory here—*such* glory there ! Suffering here—reigning with Christ there. Oh ! it's worth while. Tell every Christian it's worth while ; it stands the test. God seems to be perfectly satisfied. He tells me so."

May we not pause to recall the direction given by the Lord to Moses, concerning the offerings of consecration : "*And Thou shalt receive them of their hands*, and burn them upon the altar for a burnt-offering, for a sweet savour before the Lord : it is an offering made by fire unto the Lord" (Ex. xxix. 25).

"Oh ! the infinite glory of being a child of God, an heir of God ! What are we ?"

To those so tenderly loved she could say, "I never think of your sorrow, there seems no cause for it, and such cause for joy. For myself, you know, I haven't any sorrow for parting with anybody. It seems *such* a short time, just like going a journey ; and meeting again. But oh ! I am so anxious that every one should make the most of the little time, of every moment ; that every moment should be full of the Spirit."

"It is wonderful the spirit of intercession

that has been given to me. It came to me quite suddenly. Mrs L—— had written, 'You may expect some special blessing after this suffering.' I said, 'May I, Lord?' And the answer came, 'Yes, my child.' 'Then, oh! give me the spirit of intercession,' and it came strong at once. How I have pleaded for others. If I had strength I could plead all night; and always with such a certainty of being answered. I pray very little for myself now. I seem to have all I want. Every word of His seems to me so real now. All the promises fulfilled to the letter, except what can't be as yet."

"My soul has kept following hard after Him. I think it is to Calvary."

"We must pass through deep waters to a place near the throne."

"Ah! I am so thankful now, I followed Him to Calvary."

"Why?"

"Because of the recompense, it is exceeding great. It gave glory to Christ, and I would do anything for that; and He was pleased. I know He was."

"I have had such a happy day (continued pain, not a moment without it); but *such* a happy day."

In the midst of hours of intense suffering she could say, "My heart adores Him all the time." She added, "Don't let anybody make out my sufferings were greater than they were. It might look unkind of God, and I can't bear His dishonour—never will be able to bear it through all eternity."

"The agony is extreme, but His arms are right round, right round."

"The pain is excruciating, but He is a loving God."

"You cannot imagine the wonderful peace of perfect submission to God's will. How He has fulfilled all His promises of joy."

"Every sharp pain brings me nearer to Him. It is nice! nice!"

"Do you know, it is a great honour to lie here and suffer, and glorify Him? He loves me so; I never distrust Him a minute."

Her remark after a most painful, sleepless night was, "To me it has been glory, glory, glory! The nicest night I have ever had, I think."

“I cannot tell you how thankful I am to God for all He has done for me ; for pain as well as for everything else. My heart is just bursting with gratitude.”

After thus recording the words which tell of so much suffering, it may be well to state how, after her decease, her physicians felt astonished at the amount she must have had to endure. Great, then, was her need, and great the succour given. Let us remember it to the glory of His faithfulness, who thus fulfilled His own Word of promise : “When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee” (Isa. xliii. 2).

“It was when I was at Broadstairs that I knew that I was to die. At first it *did* seem hard. I felt so young and full of life. I enjoyed life so, you know—to live was a joy to me, and then I did hope to be so useful. But I pleaded that promise in Psalm xci. I took the literal rendering, I should be satisfied with length of days. I said, ‘O Lord, Thou knowest I am *not satisfied* with my length of days—make me *satisfied* ;’ and He *did* at once. Now I am

quite satisfied ; I do not care to live a day longer."

We will throw together a few words, spoken at different times, on that all-important subject—the being filled with the Spirit, to which so many of her dying messages which follow refer.

" How I had been longing and praying for this fulness of the Spirit ! And *yet* I did ask the Lord to keep me waiting, if it were necessary for a thorough preparation. I told Him that I would rather wait, and have the Spirit abide when He did come, and He took me at my word. He kept me waiting for months, but all that time I was waiting on the Lord, and crying out after the blessing with tears. I am sure that is the right way to do when He keeps us waiting."

" What you need is to be filled with the Spirit, and to be satisfied with God. It is impossible to feel lonely if you are."

" And you need, too, self-recollectedness to have always in your heart a little sanctuary, where you can retire, even when surrounded by a lot of people. Then take hold of every promise ; take a firm grip."

“ My besetting sin was pride, I know it was ; and though I prayed to God for deliverance over and over again, I never got the mastery till I received the fulness of the Spirit. I *did* like praise, and you know I had plenty of it ; but now when people praise me, it does not seem to touch me, it falls off me like water off a dyke. I just feel I am sin, sin, nothing else ; and every scrap of good in me is all of God, and I want every one to think so too.”

She has been speaking to us in her own words. We are able to supplement them by those of a beloved sister in close attendance upon her during the last three weeks of her sufferings here. They need no comment. After describing how great those sufferings were, and how the physician who attended her could trace the disease back to three years before, she writes—

“ Two or three things struck me most forcibly during those last three weeks. Her great interest in what was going on about her—in little affairs of the house—in future plans—in my hospital work, and especially *in anything*, no matter where, which affected

the Kingdom. Then, again, the absence of self. Self really seemed to be nowhere, and Christ was everything. She got one of my sisters to work a text in wool, and put it over her bed—‘ Not I, but the grace of God ;’ and over and over again she would point to that, if she thought there was danger of any of the glory being given to her.

“ The great increase of her love to others struck me too, very forcibly ; it seemed to gush forth and flow over. She just lavished it on all around ; and to those who seemed nearest the Master, it seemed deepest and most tender. Her last words would show you what ‘ a bright reality ’ the Master Himself was. Always nearer than the nearest, and more vividly realized. ‘ God says to me ’—‘ Jesus has just been saying,’ such were often the beginning of her sentences. The tract sent me by a friend, *Conversation with Jesus*,* delighted her greatly. She begged me to enclose one in each letter about her after she had gone, saying, ‘ It was just what she would

* By Edward Gifford. To be had from Geo. Reynolds,
2 Granton Terrace, Shernhill Road, Walthamton.

like to say to those to whom she had not been able to speak. She herself knew a great deal about 'conversation with Jesus.' 'I have got to know Him so well,' she said many times.

"'Be filled with the Spirit.' 'Get to know Jesus intimately; don't rest till you are quite satisfied with Himself alone.'

"Such was the burden of her conversation with others—conversations which friends from all quarters tell us they can never forget.

"Heaven too was very real to her. How she would speak about it. As naturally as I would speak about Perth; and her one idea was always 'with Him.' We who heard can never forget the intensity of love and longing she put into those two words just before she saw Him—'MY BELOVED.' It seemed as if the whole wealth of her heart's affection was there.

"Her increased delight in the Word, too, was very evident. Her little Bible was always by her. I remember her hugging it to her bosom once, and exclaiming, 'I wish I could take it with me to Heaven.' One night, when one of the paroxysms of pain came on, *she asked me to read her a Bible story to*

distract her thoughts. I read Genesis xxiv. 'Isn't that beautiful!' she exclaimed at the close. 'Could you listen?' 'I entered into every word of it,' she answered; 'never enjoyed it so much, never saw so much in it.'"

The letter from which these extracts are given was penned in the midst of the pressure of infirmary work and responsibility. The writer felt it but a small part of what more time would have enabled her to give. We are thankful that it tells so much.

A few of her parting messages to friends are given. Words spoken in the light of eternity. In that light "she sees light" for each, and seems to say to ALL, "Oh! yield yourselves to God for the fulness of the blessing, and it is yours." Her words should sound ever in our ear, "BE FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT; IT IS WORTH WHILE AT ALL COSTS."

"Tell her I have experienced to the very depths the truths she did not think truth, and they *stand* in the light of eternity. Tell her not to rest till she is filled with the

Spirit, for this is for her, and she will be blessed a hundredfold."

"Tell them to keep close to Jesus, and tell Him everything, bodily and spiritually."

"Tell her, her heart seems all in a tangle, but to put the mesh in the hands of Jesus, and He will unravel thread after thread, until she feels conscious it is all well. Only trust Him, He is able to save to the uttermost."

"God can satisfy her every moment. He has satisfied me for months with Himself only. 'He satisfieth the longing soul; He filleth the hungry soul with goodness.'"

"My earnest desire is, that she may be filled with the Spirit, and then she will know what it is to be shut up to Christ."

"God is a loving Father to all who seek His face, and His Holy Word is the truth. I have found it to be the truth, the essence of *truth*, and His promises are great, everlast-

ing rocks, which have supported me for many years, and especially now, strong and immovable, as the light of ETERNITY FLASHES upon me."

"The presence of Jesus brings wonderful brightness, for He is the Light; may she know it more and more."

"With loving thanks for great kindnesses," she adds, "a thousandfold shall be given from the Lord; it was done to the Lord, to one of His little ones. It looks very real to me that anything done to them is done to Him."

"May she be blessed more and more to souls. God can give her a passion for winning them; and oh! the joy it gives our loving Lord when many through us are brought to His feet. I am thinking what it will be for Him to point to one and another in glory, and say, 'You helped them to Me;' this is the heaven of heavens."

"I know they have to be filled. Keep the

empty vessel under the fountain with open mouth, and, in God's time, when He sees they are quite ready for the blessing, the rushing stream will flow, and the blessing run over. 'I will pour water on Him that is thirsty, and floods on the dry ground' (Isa. xliv. 3)."

"Don't fear one moment, but that God will keep possession of the heart He has once filled; and be always telling Him it is all His own, and He must reign, and no one else."

"Tell them the brightness does not fade, but only increases as Jesus draws nearer as the Sun of Righteousness. I want them all to come to the warm beams of His light, and they will never shiver out in the cold."

"Tell him I am proving how sure a foundation the Word of the Lord is to those who trust it. The waves may dash against the rocks, but the soul is high above them all, and does not even feel the spray. Tell him to take every promise for his many needs, *and God cannot fail him.*"

“ Oh ! the Friend, the sympathising Friend, Jesus can be, when the head leans on His bosom in every time of weakness, spiritual and temporal.”

“ Give my love to the ‘dear old shepherd and shepherdess.’ Tell them I have known what it is for months to be lifted up into the Great Shepherd’s arms, and borne aloft. And though the rough places have been very rough at times, I have hardly seemed to feel it at all, because my eyes have been kept steady looking up into His face, and He never let me drop once, His arms had been closing round me tightly.”

“ Tell her from me every promise is hers, to be bold to grasp them ; that is the secret —to GRIP them.”

“ Tell her no wonder she envies me going in so soon to see our lovely Lord ; but self-denial for Him brings many a sweet smile from Him here ; and constant obedience to His will, up to one’s light, the clear shining of His face all the day long.”

“ Seek to be satisfied with Christ alone. He is able, able to do it.”

“ Tell him the valley is brilliant with Jesus; but it must be very dark without Him.”

“ Tell Mr. F——, I am looking forward to the day when his weight of glory shall be increased, because of all the help he has been to me. The thought gives me such joy.”

“ Seek to be shut up to Jesus. Make ‘Jesus only’ your motto for life. Then there will be wonderful blessing through you and to you.”

To her family—“ Trust Him, trust Him, trust Him fully. Always praise Him for me.”

“ Remember the promise, ‘ I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever ! ’ For ever ! That is the secret of maintaining communion.”

“ Tell her not to fear. He in whom she *trusts* will keep her. Tell her to lean *hard*

on Jesus. Just see *what* a Friend He can be to her. Her more than husband, her portion; her all for time and for eternity."

"Trust fully—follow fully."

"The fellowship is sweet on earth, but far, far sweeter in heaven. Keep on trusting for the fulness of the blessing. Remember! Remember!"

"Give my fondest love to my very dear 'mother.' Tell her I want to bear my testimony, that since first God's great loving arms were thrown around me, when the Spirit came in and took full possession, He has never ceased to bear me aloft. Those arms have pressed me to Him more or less consciously all the time. But when the roughest places came, He has covered me over so tightly, and pressed me so closely, that I have been even *feeling* the beatings of His heart. It was all love, love, love!"

"Tell her to ask God to teach her to abide in the presence of the Most High, under the shadow of the Almighty, while she still re-

mains here. And then death loses every sting, and the eye sees Jesus only."

"Tell them to put their hearts entirely into the hands of Jesus to manage for them every moment."

"They must meet me in glory, and be loving, noble followers of the Lamb till then."

"Tell her not to be discouraged at the roughness of the way, it only helps us to find out what a loving heart Jesus has to soothe and pity. That is, if all the rough bits are taken to Him and left there. Keep clinging to Jesus. He says, My grace is sufficient—till we meet in glory."

"Tell her not to fear. It is the poor things—the weak bruised reeds that Jesus takes into His hands, if they let Him, and makes strong for Himself."

"We have had to bear her troubles together, as we met often at the Throne of
Nothing shall by any means hurt

you,' is His loving word of promise to her. Trust Him : trust Him always."

"Keep on trusting Jesus; it is worth while."

"All the clouds of sorrow and care come from below. Jesus is the Sun of Righteousness. Get right up to His beams, and she will be always warm, and sorrows and cares shall flee away even here."

"Tell him from me to make a great friend of his Bible. Ask God to make him love it, and trust every promise. Jesus is his Friend now, and will never leave him, and will strengthen him to do His will."

"Why is it called the dark valley ? Why, it is mountain tops to me, viewing the land. It is very near, and the King is in it."

And thus to the last were her lips testifying, "to the truth as it is IN JESUS." Name above every name in her heart, as she experienced what *His* heart is towards those who

obey in simplicity of faith the message from Heaven, "Thou shalt call His name JESUS," and believe its full import, "for He shall save His people from their sins."

We come to the closing words recorded by loving hands.

"This I call a day of quiet waiting upon the Lord. I love His way. Such infinite variety. Not two days alike. Why does He give me so much glory? The glory now is wonderful. What will it be hereafter!"

(Within the last half hour.)

"Arise, My love, My fair one, and come away."

"I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also." "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

"I am longing, longing to see Him. *I am weary; waiting to see His lovely face—MY BELOVED!*"

"With Him into glory, to reign. Good to be at home; oh! so good."

"Pass away earthly joy; Jesus is mine. Tell everyone Jesus is mine."

"Pray!" "Going!"

And she passed away with Him, and to

Him, to go out no more from HIS presence, "whom having not seen she loved" with the intensity of an ardent heart.

Speaking of her death beforehand, she had said, "I will tell you what I would like on my tombstone. First, a Gospel text for passers-by—

"'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' And then a verse for me—

'In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright.
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus ! 'tis now.'

"Don't put, 'O Jesus ! ' put 'my Jesus.'

"'Glittering crown,' I like that. I would like a crown on my tombstone. I have been thinking so much of that verse, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'

"My tombstone won't stand long ; for He is coming, you know."

She was buried at Kensal Green, on November 3rd, 1880. It was most touching to see the crowd of friends, rich and poor, who were gathered at the grave. Even the

poor had all come in mourning, and the faces of all spoke eloquently.

The Rev. Flavel Cook gave a short address in the chapel, which was crowded to excess ; and the hymn, "There is a land of pure delight," was sung at the grave.

When a brother returned there in the afternoon to put some flowers, which had arrived too late, he found it already so covered with wreaths and flowers that no earth could be seen.

Her expressed desire had been, "Tell them I want to be buried at Kensal, near all of you—near my friends and my poor people; but remember no one is to be there to cry, but to consecrate themselves afresh to the Lord. Try to imagine something of the joy I am having, of which I have had a foretaste here." And "deck me with flowers, I *am* so fond of them ; they speak of life."

Who does not know the yearning for the sound of one word more from the voice that is still ?

We have reserved to the last a letter entrusted to us, which must have been among

the very last that she wrote. Surely it makes the application of all that has gone before.

“ *September 30th, 1880.*—Yes, would I could see you, and had strength to talk for a day ; lots to tell as always. This time it would be about all the wonderful, wonderful love and power of our lovely Lord, in His dealings with His poor little suffering child. Oh ! N——, dear, Consecration is a very real thing, and when we give ourselves to the Lord to do *all* His will, however rough and steep the path, He takes us at our word, and sooner or later the best comes. And if we still lie flat on the altar of sacrifice, and tell Him to continue all His will, no matter how the flesh shrinks, then comes the glory. The deep communion which cannot be explained ; the sharing of His burden with souls ; the unutterable longing to glorify God ; the constant peace and joy of His immediate presence. Is it not worth while ? ‘ Bitter yet sweet—and more sweet than bitter.’* A little while, and we shall both see Him. It comes a pang to me,

* Words of Theodore Monod’s after his great loss.

the only pang I have. I can serve Him so little now, and you know how I have loved to tell the story from house to house, and to see one after another turn their faces Zion-ward. But God has promised me many more souls, and 'His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face.' How cheering this word comes to me. Now I think I must not write more, my heart feels too full. . . . Rich grace rest now and always on you.

"EMMELINE."

And so, Farewell ! Beloved of the Lord, " UNTIL the day dawn, and the shadows flee away," when " The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God ; and the dead in Christ shall rise first.

" Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

" Wherefore, comfort one another with these words." AMEN.

“WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.”

Rev. v. 12.

“There is a song now singing,—
Catch but its sweet beginning,
And you will still its notes prolong.
For ever, ever learning,
Yet, never quite discerning
The deep, full meaning of the song.

“It tells of love undying,
Before which grief is flying,
Like mists swept by the sun along.
Oh ! how earth’s sorrow leaveth
The heart that here receiveth
The holy music of the Song !”

SPITTA (*Hymns from the Land of Luther*).

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